

LONDON's ^{XVI.}
Anniversary Festival,

Performed

On Monday, *October* the 29th. 1688.

For the Entertainment of the Right Honourable,

S^r. John Chapman, K^t.

Lord Mayor of the City of London;

Being Their great Year of JUBILEE.

WITH

A PANEGYRICK upon the Restoring
OF THE

CHARTER.

And a Sonnet provided for the Entertainment
of the KING.

By M. TAUBMAN.

Virg. Lib. 6.

*Hic Rem Londinam magno turbante tumultu
Sisset Eques* —

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LONDON Anniversary Festival

St. John Chapman, K.

Being the great Year of Jubilee
ANNIVERSARY RICK upon the Religion

CHARLES
And a Sonnet provided for the Entertainment

AM I A CRY

To the Right Honourable
Sir **JOHN CHAPMAN, Kt.**
Lord Mayor of the **CITY** of
LONDON.

My LORD,

IF the Custom of a Dedication at this Time did not make it necessary, your Eminent Merits do justly lay claim to the discharge of this Duty. And though the present Impending Storm, the Dread of a Foreign Invasion, has Obnubilated the usual Splendor of this Day's Solemnity, such Remarkable Occurrences have happened this Year, as will render your Name and Memory famous to all Posterity: What is most to be Recorded, is, the Restoring of the Charter of *London*, which happened in the Year of your Mayoralty, 83. Auspicious 88! *England's* great
A 2 Year

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Year of *Jubilee*, twice Propitious to this Famous City: First, In Restoring our Lives and Estates: Secondly, Our Laws and Freedoms, in the free Exercise of our Antient Establish'd Government. What other Worthies durst not Attempt, you like *Jason*, bravely Adventur'd for the Prize, and brought the Golden Fleece in Triumph home. In the late threatning Deluge, when the Ark was tost upon the Foaming Billows, you, like the Dove, was sent Abroad, and like the Dove returned with the Olive-Branch of Joy. This unspeakable Mark of Royal Bounty occurring this Year with your Right of Succession to the Prætorial Chair, will Record your Name to future Ages, beyond all the Witleſs Panegyricks of,

My LORD,

Your Lordships most Obedient, and

most Devoted humble Servant,

M. Taubman.

To

To the Right Honourable Sir *John Chapman*,
 Knight, Lord Mayor of the City of *London*,
 on the Return of the CHARTER.

W*elcome as Day to Nighted Travellers,
 As Light to Darkneſs, or as Peace to Wars.
 Welcome as when the Six Months night is done,
 To frozen Climates the Approaching Sun;*

*Who after a long Winters Storm does bring,
 All the dear Bleſſings of a fertile Spring.*

*To You our Thanks, as well as Praise, is due;
 In whom's Reſtor'd our Lives, and Freedoms too.
 What the loud Tumults loſt in hot Debate,
 Is Re-inveſted in its former ſtate.*

*Your Patience has their Fury overcome,
 The Captive Ark is brought in Triumph home;
 The Charter is Return'd with cheerful Cries,
 Our Rights, our Customs, and Immunities.*

*All which in 88, with You Reſtor'd,
 In everlaſting Annals we'll Record.*

*The new exalted Meteors ceaſe to ſhine,
 And to the old Extinguiſh'd Lamps Reſign.
 Who in their former ſtate their Freedoms hold,
 Like Diamonds newly ſet in the ſame Gold.
 Tamely they bore the Cloud of their Diſgrace,
 While Stars leſs Radiant were advanc'd in place;*

B

Theſe

*These may by Day cast forth a glimmering Spark,
While the true Gem shines brightest in the Dark.*

*This made the World your Loyalty admire,
And the bright Palm depress'd, to mount the higher ;
Then were you Loyal, at that very time,
When to be Loyal, was esteem'd a Crime :
This worthily Advanc'd you to the Chair,
When mean complying Intrest prov'd a Snare.*

*There was a Time when Loyalty prevail'd,
And on her Sons large Favours were Intail'd,
E're Temporizing Converts did Comply
For Interest, to Sell their Liberty.
This Bliss with you restor'd, this Year we share,
The CHARTER to the Town, and you the Chair.
Here the KING's Bounty, as your MERIT's Great,
Has made your Laws and Liberties Compleat.
With you this Year we are Possess of more,
Than all our Predecessors were before ;
What they by Parcels scarce in Ages gain'd,
We have in Gross, in one blest Day, obtain'd :
Each Grant Enlarging our unbounded Power,
From Royal JAMES, to the first Conquerour.
What Monarch yet e're Grac'd the British Throne,
But dropt a Royal Jewel from the Crown ?
Like the Sword added to your Quarter'd Field,
T' Enlarge the CHARTER, and adorn the GUILD.
No fierce Dragoon here for Quarter calls,
No Noise of War within your Peaceful Walls.
And what exceeds all Priviledges far,
You are not Summon'd from your Gates to War.*

No dreadful Trumpets Sound annoys your Ears;
 All Innocent and Charming as the Spheres.
 If Musicks softer Notes your Throne ascend,
 'Tis such as on your harmless Mirths attend.
 Musick, which like a Consort, does agree
 With LONDON's Government, the soul of Harmony.

Nor in the Walls is this your only Friend,
 Toll-free through England does your Power extend.
 Even to the Surges of the boundless Sea,
 The Wealthy Thames is made your Royalty.
 Nor can we here your Liberties Confine,
 Your CHARTER does extend beyond the Line.
 Through the vast Globe, you may with Drake be hurld,
 A London Merchant's Freeman of the World.

And shall that State, which has the Sovereign Powers
 Of Sea and Land, dread Foreign Conquerours?
 Where is the Grandeur of our English Nation,
 If we are Blasted at a Dutch Invasion?
 In vain vast Armies and a Fleet oppose,
 Against a Fate that is more strong than those:
 That Grandeur which once met the Pride of Spain,
 Like a huge City floating on the Main,
 Met it, and to the Bottom sunk it down;
 The Gods and Winds fight for the English Crown.
 Those Masts which lately seem'd to touch the Sky,
 Now low in the vast Oceans Womb do lie:
 And where th' Armada did its Pride display,
 Fishes resort, and wanton Dolphins play,
 May the same Fate make all your Foes a Prey.

LONDON's

LONDON'S Anniversary Festival

For the Year, 1688.

ALthough the present Juncture of Affairs, and the Rumour of a Foreign Invasion has Eclips'd the Glory of this Days Triumph; yet since the Mayoralty has fallen in the First of Companies, and in the time of so Eminent a Patriot, I think myself in duty bound, to Publish this short Description, that what it wants in the Pageantry, may be supplied by a Panegyrick, to perpetuate the Occurrences of so remarkable a Jubilee. The Right Worshipful the Company of *Mercers*, (who have the Honour and Charge of this Day's Entertainment) are the first in Order and Place, having the Priority of all other Companies of *London*. They were Established to be a Company, and to purchase Lands in the 17th Year of the Reign of *Richard* the II, 1393. *Mercers Hall*, famous for the Magnificence of its Structure, is the Seat of their Publick Assemblies; where are likewise several spacious Rooms and Apartments, for their private Courts, Committees, and Consultations. This was formerly an Hospital, Founded by Sir *Thomas* of *Acon*; *Militia Hospitalis*, saith the Record of *Edward* the III, Founded by *Thomas Fitz. Theobald*, in the Reign of *Henry* the II. It was purchased by the *Mercers*, in the Reign of King *Henry* the VIII, by the Famous Sir *Thomas Gresham*. The Chappel was Founded by that Eminent Patron and Benefactor, Sir *John Allen*, who lies there Intomb'd.

This particular Record I thought necessary to make, that the want of a Shew might not Derogate from the Grandeur of so Antient and Honourable a Society.

Never-

Nevertheless, though the Pageantry was Omitted, there wanted nothing that could contribute to make it Great both by Land and Water; nay, rather more Sumptuous in the Magnificence of their Cavalcade, which was in the manner following.

The CAVALCADE.

ABout Eight a Clock in the Morning, (to attend his Lordship in *Mercers-Hall*) do meet the Right Worshipful the Company of *Mercers*, and the most eminent Citizens appointed for that purpose.

- I. The Master, Wardens, and Assistants, in their Gowns fac'd with Foyns, with their Hoods.
- II. The Livery in their Gowns, fac'd with Sattin, and their Hoods.
- III. Threescore poor Men, in Gowns and Caps, march in the Front, each of them employed in bearing a Banner.
- IV. Fifty Gentlemen-Ushers in Velvet-Caps follow next, each of them having a Chain of Gold about his Shoulders, and in his right Hand a White Staff.
- V. A splendid Train of Batchelors, invested in Gowns, and Scarlet-Sattin Hoods (which, in this Company, above all others, are most numerous) called, *The Rich Batchelors*; who often bear the Charge of this Day's Solemnity.
- VI. Another Division of Batchelors.
- VII. Twelve more Gentlemen for bearing Banners and Colours, some in Plush-Coats, and some in Buff, with Scarfs about their Shoulders of the Company's Colours.
- VIII. Thirty-six Trumpets: The Serjeant-Trumpeter, with a Rich Scarf of his Lordships Colours about his Wasse, and a Leading-Staff in his Hand.
- IX. Fourteen of his Majesty's Drums: The Drum-Major, with a Crimfon Scarf about his Wasse, and a Leading-Staff in his Hand: And Three Fifes with Banners.
- X. Divers other Drums and Fifes, with Scarfs of the Colours of the Company.

- XI. The Two City-Marshals on Horseback, and six Servants to attend them, with Scarfs and Colours of the Company.
- XII. The Six Foot-Marshals, with Scarfs and Colours of the same.
- XIII. The Master of Defence, with Scarfs and Colours likewise of the same, having Persons of the same Noble Science to attend him.
- XIV. Divers other Pensioners invested with Red Gowns with Sleeves, and flat white Caps, each of them carrying a Javelin in one Hand, and a Target in his other; wherein is painted the Arms of *Rich. II.* the first Founder, and *Sir Thomas Gresham*, the first Benefactor of the Company.
- XV. As an Addition to this Solemnity, and to supply the defect of the Pageants, is added the Artillery Company in the Rear, led up by that Eminent and Worthy Citizen, *Sir John Moor*.

The Order of their March.

THE Foot Marshals, with an Assistant appointed for that purpose, rank them out two by two, beginning with the Pensioners in Gowns; and in the Front of them placeth the Companies Ensigns, four Drums and one Fife.

In the Rear of these fall in the several other Pensioners in Coats, bearing several Banners and Standards; after them the Arms of the Right Worshipful the Company of *Mercers*, which is the *Maiden-Head*, with this Motto, *HONOR DEO*; which is also inserted in the other Banners, Standards, and Streamers, appertaining to the Company; whereof this, as the Largest, is attended with six Gentlemen Ushers; and after them follow the Batchelors, who conclude this Division.

In the Rear of those fall six Trumpets; after them two Gentlemen bearing two Banners, the one of the City's, the other of the Companies; after them follow two Gentlemen Ushers, and after them the Foyne Batchelors, who conclude this Division.

In the Rear of them, fall others of the City Trumpets; after them two Gentlemen, bearing the Banners of the City, and the Lord Mayor. After those follow twelve Gentlemen Ushers, Equipped and appointed as before; and after them the Court of Assistants, who puts a period to that Division.

In the Rear of them follow the Sergeant-Trumpet, with sixteen other of the King's Trumpets, and Kettle-Drums; after them three other Gentlemen bearing the King's, the Lord Mayor's, and St. George his Banner, attended by fourteen Pages: And after them the Master and Wardens, who Terminate the first and chiefest Division.

Being Placed in this Order,

They march from the Place of Meeting to *Grocers-Hall*, till such time as his Lordship, with the Sheriffs, and his Brethren the Aldermen, are mounted.

Which being done, the whole Body march towards *Guild-Hall*; where the Lord Mayor Elest, with his new Equipage, joyns with the other Companies, marching in great Order and Decency through *Kingsstreet* and *Cheapside*, down to the *Three Crane-Wharf*; where the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and their Attendants take Barge; the whole Company of *Mercers* do likewise Embarque, with the rest of the Companies, as many as have Conveniencies; some of their Barges being at present employed in his Majesty's Service.

His Lordship, the Aldermen, and the Right Worshipful the Company of *Mercers*, with such other Companies as have the Conveniencies of their Barges, Landing at *Westminster*, have a Lane made them from *Kings-Bridg*, from which they pass through *Westminster-Hall*; where having taken the Accustomed Oaths before the Lords and Barons of the Exchequer, they Return to their Barges; where a Lane made as before, to the Water-side, they go back by Water; being often Saluted by their Majesties from *White-Hall*, both going and coming, with several Shots and Salutations from the Pleasure-Boats; who for that purpose are all the way playing upon the River.

His Lordship, with the Companies attending him, Landing at *Black-Friars*, are welcomed there with three Volleys by the famous Artillery Company, all Adorned in their Martial Ornaments in Buff, and shining Head-Pieces of Massy Silver. From *Black-Friars* they March before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, in the same State, Order, and Decency, as before, through *Cheapside* to *Guild-Hall*; where his Lordship is Received by the Ld. Chancellor, Ld. Chamberlain, and Principal Officers of His Majesty's Household; The Principal Secretaries, the President, and most Eminent Lords of the Council; all Ambassadors and Ministers of State, both Foreign and Domestick; all the Learned Judges, and Principal Officers both of Court and City, who all Dine that Day in *Guild-Hall*: His Majesty having Himself promised to Confer that Honour upon his Lordship, if the present Juncture, and his Care for the Publick, do not otherwise Divert him.

This Anniversary Festival, is, for the Magnificence of their Entertainment, the greatest that has been ever seen in any Nation: All the time of Dinner, the Hall Echoing with *Huzzas*, and Healths to His Majesty, who Returns the same to his Lordship; wishing him Success and Happiness in the Discharge of his Trust, for the Year ensuing.

Dinner being ended, his Majesty is Entertain'd with the following Song.

SONG

SONG for the Entertainment of His Majesty.

- (1.) **W**ith Hearts united, and Exerted Souls,
 Brim full of Loyalty as are our Bowls,
 To Mighty *James* a grateful Health go round;
 The Jewel lost so long, this Year is found.

This Name our Bounteous Charters Grant inrols.

For this new Grace, a just Oblation due;

But why his Praise do I in vain pursue?

It is that Name, that Sacred Name, must give

To Indigested Verse a power to Live,

And make our Loyal Song Immortal too.

Chorus. *To the Son of the Martyr,*

Who Restored us the Charter,

Let French, Dutch, and Spaniard beware it;

While the Foes that invade us,

With their sinking Armado's,

We drown in an Ocean of Claret.

- (2.) The Laws to every City does prescribe
 Their Bounds, and Limits, be they nere so wide;
 Amongst the Wives, whom Ties of Nature bind,
London, a Royal Bride, sits unconfind;
 By Land-mark bound, nor Circumscrib'd by Tyde,
 As far as Royal *James* (that does Defend)
 From Silver *Thames* his Scepter does extend
 (Whose Empire yet no Foe cou'd e're confine)
 From the Bleak North, beyond the Tropick Line;
 Ev'n there our Boundless Charter knows no End.
 Chorus. *To the Son of the Martyr, &c.*

- (3.) *Augusta*, who so long bore the Renown,
 Of Sovereignty, next to the Royal Crown,
 Does yet this Year a greater Glory share,
 Where Loyalty's advanc'd into the Chair,
 To Rule as long before the joyful Town.
 In this above her Neighbouring Sisters blest,
 The Royal Chamber, The bright Phoenix Nest;
 Where one Expiring 'midst the sweet Perfumes,
 Another strait his Image re-assumes;
 Her Lords with Immortality possess.
 Chorus. *To the Son of the Martyr, &c.*

THE END.